WILD SCOTTISH CLANS

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WILD SCOTTISH CLANS

Arthur Llewellyn Griffiths

WILD SCOTTISH CLANS

AND

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

BY

ARTHUR LLEWELLYN GRIFFITHS

Author of
"Wild Days in the Philippines"

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FOREWORD

Far up in the frozen north, across the heaving Atlantic from ice-bound Labrador, subject to the long Arctic twilight and lighted by the rays of the polar star, sit the giant, heather-clad mountains of the Lion of the North. Around their never-changing buttresses mists gather, storms break and snows beat, and out of those mists, storms and snows, has come a race of people to whom the civilized world owes much.

In all Europe, in fact in all the world, there is no more extraordinary anthropological spectacle than that presented by the Gaels of Scotland who preserve, to the the present time, the manners and customs of their ancestors from ages the most remote, and use a language once the most widely diffused and now the oldest extant. Among all the peculiarities of times past which they preserve there is none more picturesque than that of the Highland costume, now also the oldest garb in use.

So ancient is its origin that its beginning is lost in the mists of antiquity, yet the Highlanders cling to it with a tenacity which speaks well for its existence when the Great Trump sounds forth and time shall be no more. Oriental in its flowing characters it is worn by men with far more than Oriental bravery.

In the Crimean War the Russians said, "The English were bad enough but their wives were devils"; and Napoleon, after Waterloo, declared, "If they had only kept those ——women devils at home I could have won the battle."

So, it is with a feeling of pardonable pride because of my Scottish blood that I take up my pen to indite "Wild Scottish Clans," a book which will partly show from what scenes Scotia's sons derive their hardihood. It is also with the just hope of its being acceptable wherever honor, truth, steadfastness, devotion and bravery are revered that the author affixes his name.

Arthur Llewellyn Griffiths.
(A Macgregor).

Portland, Maine, June 1, 1910.

Dedicated to
Alpha Delta Phi

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WILD SCOTTISH CLANS

As the spark of life was slowly diminishing in the immortal Minstrel of the Border, those who stood beside the bed of his dissolution at Abbotsford, saw his lips move. Bending low to catch the voice's last utterance they heard the words of one of his own songs of longing for the heather and bonnie Prince Charlie.

Alan Stewart, Scottish hero of Stevenson's "Kidnapped," said of his father, "He left me my breeks to cover me and little besides. And that was how I came to enlist, which was a black spot upon my character at the best of times, and would still be a sore job for me if I fell among the redcoats."

"What," cried David Balfour, "were you in the English army?"

"That was I," replied Alan, "but I deserted to the right side at Prestonpans — and that's some comfort."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Balfour, "The punishment is death."

"Ay," returned Alan, "if they got hands on me it would be a short shrift and a lang tow for Alan! But I have the King of France's commission in my pocket, which would aye be some protection."

"I misdoubt it much," I spoke up.

"I have doubts mysel'," said Alan, drily.

"And, good heaven, man!" cried I, "you that are a condemned rebel and a deserter, and a man of the French king's — what tempts ye back into this country? It's a braving of Providence."

"Tut!" answered Alan, "I have been back every year since 'The '45'" — meaning the year of Culloden.

"And what brings ye, man?" I asked.

"Well, ye see, I weary for my friends and country," he admitted. "France is a braw place, nae doubt — but I weary for the heather and the deer."

Such love for and devotion to Scotland

permeate the high and the lowly. A Scottish lassie came to this country to earn money to support her aged parents. Homesickness depleted her health. Consumption seized her in its fell grasp. Friends of her staunch character gathered around her bedside. She had but one wish when she finally knew that she must pass beyond.

" Oh, if I could but see the bonnie hills o' Scotland before I die! " she often sighed. Her friends collected money to send her home. On the homeward voyage it became apparent that she could not live to see the " bonnie hills o' Scotland."

One evening, just as the sun was setting, they took her on deck to show her the day's dying glory. She gazed at it, enraptured, and then sank back with a sigh, saying, "Oh, but it's not sae fine as the bonnie hills o' Scotland."

There was a pause in which the onlookers stood reverently by. Then the dying girl suddenly lifted herself on her elbow and exclaimed, excitedly, " Oh, I see

them nool"—then a look of surprise overspread her features, an expression of ecstasy came — " but I didna ken it was the hills o' Scotland where the horsemen and the chariots were! " and she passed into that Land of Glory, the hills of which she had seen and had hardly differentiated from " the bonnie hills o' Scotland."

Lord Byron, George Gordon by name, himself of Scottish family, has immortalized his heart yearnings for his father's land by the passionate lines of Lochnagar addressed to one of the very grandest of the northern mountains around the beetling crags of which the eagle, king of birds, soars.

"Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snowflake reposes,
If still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.

"Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains departed my memory pondered,
As daily I strayed thro' the pine-covered glade.

I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Lochnagar.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Lochnagar, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold, icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Lochnagar.

" Years have rolled on, Lochnagar, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I see you again;
Though nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep, frowning glories of dark Lochnagar."

Across the sea I look and see in a vision that bonnie land where day is long, the lark sings the song of freedom up the glen, the rays of the cold polar star guard by night, where

" The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,
As they dance down the dells.

And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's dales
And Scotland's hills for me!

" The thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And, looking to the lift, my lads,
I sing this doughty glee:
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!

" They tell o' lands with brighter skies
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang:
Gie me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free!
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me! "

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," sang the inspired Psalmist, and from the hills come the greatest fighting men of the world, for freedom is bred in their very bones. The auld grey plaid of Scotland has been stained red scores of times when her braw Highlanders have come down from their moun-

tain fastnesses to revel in the blood of her enemies. Scotland stands today the only unconquered land in the world and the claymore the only unconquered sword on earth. The Highlands of Scotland stopped the world-conquering Romans' northward advance, and the wild men of the glens and hills would have exterminated Caesar's legions had they not hastily constructed a great earthen defence, traces of which can be seen to this day.

When feudalism rode on the neck of all Europe in the Dark Ages, it made no encroachments on the mountains of Scotland and alone in those savage glens was the lamp of freedom kept from total extinction.

Though Wallace, like the Saviour, was betrayed for a price and his body dismembered and scattered to the four corners of the kingdom — his soul is marching on. Like the Saviour, Wallace died of a broken heart, for when the noose was just to be placed around his neck by his would-be murderers, God instantly removed him from

mortality. Even so the Victim of the cross, weighed down by the sins of an ungrateful world, gave up the ghost under the weight.

Directly to the south of Stirling Castle, most sacred in Scottish history, is Scotland's most glorious field of Bannockburn. Toward the close of the year 1313, Stirling Castle was closely besieged by Robert Bruce who made a bargain with its governor that if not relieved by St. John's Day — June 24th of the following year — it should be surrendered to the Scots.

This was the last hold of England on the sacred soil of Scotland after the liberation brought about by Wallace. Therefore England aroused herself to a supreme effort; every resource was strained to the utmost, and a mighty host — a hundred thousand is the number given — led by Edward II in person, poured through the Border Country and in June, 1314, encamped to the north of Torwood. Robert Bruce had in the meantime been actively preparing his defences, and after some preliminary skir-

mishing and feats of arms the battle so memorable for Scotland was fought on St. John's Day, the English advancing confidently to the attack at daybreak.

" At Bannockburn the English lay,
The Scots they were not far away,
But waited for the breaking day
That glinted in the east.
At last the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field of death,
When Bruce, with soul-inspiring breath,
His heroes thus addressed:

" ' Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power:
Chains and slavery!

" ' Wha sae base as be a slave:
Wha would fill a coward's grave:
Wha would be a traitor knave:
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me!

"'By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow:
Let us do or dee!'"

The numbers of the Scottish army did not exceed thirty thousand men but, according to a tradition, the sacred corpse of Wallace was there. Bruce led the reserve and all determined to make this division the stay of their little army or the last sacrifice for Scottish liberty and its martyred Wallace's corpse. There stood the sable hearse of Wallace. "By that heaven-sent palladium of our freedom," cried Bruce, pointing to the hearse, "we must this day stand or fall. He who deserts it murders William Wallace anew!"

The Abbot of Inchaffray passed along in front of the Scots, barefoot and with the crucifix in his hand, imploring the favor of heaven on the cause of freedom, and exhorting the Scots to fight for their rights, their

king and the corpse of William Wallace. The Scots fell on their knees to confirm their resolution with a vow.

The sudden humiliation of their posture incited an instant triumph in the mind of Edward; and, spurring forward, he shouted aloud, "They yield! They cry for mercy!"

"They cry for mercy," returned Lord Percy, "but not from us. On that ground on which they kneel they will be victorious or find their graves!"

Proud Edward had yet to learn that

> "No stride was ever bolder
> Than his who showed the naked leg
> Beneath the plaided shoulder."

The battle was commenced by rapid discharges of the terrible clothyard arrows by the English archers. So great was the number discharged that they darkened the air. Their accuracy and destructive power were formidable. Bruce ordered the Scottish horse to charge the Southron archers and the latter were swept from the field. The English horse returned the charge and,

ignorant of the nature of the ground wisely chosen by the Scots, stumbled and sank to their deaths in the morass.

The spectacle from the Borestane where King Robert stood was most awful. Among the fighting thousands on the plain could be made out here and there the figure of some well-known Scottish leader driving a spattered battleaxe through iron and bone and brain at every blow.

Above the thunderous crash of steel on steel, the shrieks of agony and torture, and the yells of vengeance, there rose from time to time the battle cries of the great Scottish clans.

Column after column of Edward's forces came on — to crash, break and disappear beneath the long Scottish lances and sweeping Lochaber hills.

Before the onslaught of those wild sons of freedom the hireling host fell in heaps; they wavered as the heaps of dead rose ever higher before them, and the Scottish soldiers, perceiving the hesitation, cried, "On them!

On them! They fail!" The wild yells of the savage Scots terrorized them and there ensued one of those inexplicable scenes of panic and terror when a vastly superior force of trained men breaks and flees, as though life at all costs were the one thing to be considered.

Edward II with five hundred soldiers — all that was left of that great host — fled from the field and got refuge at Dunbar, the scene of the unfortunate battle which had temporarily given England the supremacy. From Dunbar he went by boat to Berwick. He looked upon his personal escape as miraculous and vowed he would build a house for poor Carmelites. This vow he fulfilled by founding Oriel College, Oxford, which thus remains today a monument to Bannockburn and the emancipation of Scotland.

Thereafter the victorious warpipes could be heard wildly skirling in many a savage glen, "The Cock o' the North," to cheer the Scottish soldier on many a hard-

fought field. Bruce won a crown, welded a heterogeneous people into one, and exacted a treaty from Edward II insuring what he had won.

The passions of the Gaelic feudalism of those times could not be restrained from atrocious acts even in moments of common misfortune. On the fatal field of Flodden it is related of a Highlander of the Clan Mackenzie that he heard those near him exclaiming, "Alas, Laird, thou hast fallen!"

"What laird?" shouted the Mackenzie.

In the answer, "The Laird of Buchanan!" he heard a name with which his clan had a feud of blood. Then and there the "Faithful Highlander," as he is called by the sympathetic historian, sought out the fallen laird, found that he was only wounded, and butchered him.

Clan Mackenzie suffered severely in a long-standing feud with the Macleods of Skye when both clans were reduced to the verge of ruin and lived on horses, dogs and cats, as they had no time or men to provide

better food. Clan Mackenzie on one fatal morning packed the Kirk of Gilchrist for worship. It was in 1603, the year of the accession of James VI of Scotland to the English crown. A prowling band of the Macdonalds of Clanranald discovered them, set fire to the kirk, guarded the entrance with claymores and burned to death the entire congregation of Mackenzies. But the Macleods had something to say to the Macdonalds. The Macdonalds of Eigg were caught by the Macleods in a cave. There were two hundred Macdonalds within the cave — the entire population of the island. The Macleods barred the entrance, built a fire and smoked the Macdonalds to death. Sir Walter Scott visited the cave two hundred and eleven years later and the bones of the victims still covered the floor.

The Battle of Harlaw in 1411 decided that Gaelic should be supreme over Teutonic in Scotland. The haughty, contemptuous feeling of the Norman nobility towards the unmailed Highlanders is well expressed

in the Ballad of Harlaw. The brave appearance of the two hundred mailed knights is spoken of and then

"They had na ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.
Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaves were glancing clear,
Their pibrochs rang frae side to side
Would deafen ye to hear."

The Earl of Glenallen, startled at the unexpected size of the enemy's force, consulted his squire as to what it were best to do, and the instant reply was,

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids
And we are mail-clad men."

But before the battle was over the haughty ones fled from those tartan plaids.

The Macdonalds got into still further trouble, this time with the Macleans of Duart. In 1598 Lachlan Maclean from the castle on the coast of Mull fought in the dreadful clan battle of Lochgruinard against

The Battle of Bannockburn

the Macdonalds in Islay, when he was slain, courageously fighting, with eighty of the principal men of his kin and two hundred clansmen lying dead about him. This clan mustered five hundred claymores in "The '45" and they were in the front line at Culloden. Subsequently the Macleans of Duart and the Maclaines of Lochbuie fought a pitched battle near Lochbuie. The Macleans of Duart were defeated. Duart, when returning home after the battle, fell in with Lochbuie, who was sleeping along with some of his men. Surely here was a chance for vengeance placed supernaturally in the way. Maclean of Duart had been defeated by the very men now sleeping before him.

Aytoun says,

> "Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
> As beneath the tartan plaid."

Maclean of Duart drew his dagger, twisted it in the hair of his enemy, and then left him. When Maclaine awoke in the morning and found his hair fastened to the

ground, he recognized the dirk, and the two families were friends ever after.

Nearly one hundred years later the great battle of Killiekrankie was fought. The object of the battle was to capture Blair Castle from the Highlanders for it commanded the pass which is the key to the central Highlands. It was in the early morning of July 27, 1689 that the mixed army of Lowland Scots, Dutch and English entered the defile of Killiekrankie. Killiekrankie was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. A horse could be led up only with great difficulty and he who lost his footing had no hope of life. Through the gorge Mackay led his troops unopposed and then placed them as best the nature of the ground would permit.

On the north, Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, could be seen halting his Highlanders on the brow of a hill. Two hours went by while the sun was passing out

of the eyes of the Highlanders, then Claverhouse ordered the charge and the dreaded bagpipes rounded the war skirl.

The Highlanders advanced in their usual fashion — divested of their plaids, with bodies bent forward and nearly covered by their targets. On coming close to the enemy's front ranks they fired and threw away their pieces, then, setting up a wild yell, they hurled themselves forward, claymore in hand. Breaking through the advance guard, they carried terror and panic into the body of the enemy, and before many minutes the battle was decided in favor of the defending Highlanders. All was over and a mingled torrent of redcoats and tartans went raving down the valley to the Gorge of Killiekrankie.

" Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Horse and man went down before us,
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiekrankie
When that stubborn fight was done! "

The two Scottish families of Gordon and Grant had been old-time allies. The Earl of Huntly, wishing to chastise the Farquharsons for the killing of a Gordon, arranged with the Laird of Grant that the latter should advance down the Dee Valley simultaneously with his own approach from the other end, so as to shut the Farquharsons in between two fires.

The surprise was so complete that the unfortunate Clan was nearly exterminated and an enormous number of children made orphans and homeless. These, Huntly took home where they were treated so much like animals that in time they grew to be like them. It is alleged that the head of the Grants, about a year later, was shown for his amusement a long wooden trough outside the kitchen into which all the cold scraps and odds and ends from the table had been thrown. At a given signal a door was opened and a troop of little half naked savages rushed in, and falling on the trough, fought and tore for the food. Grant was

greatly shocked on being told that those were the orphans he had helped to make. He got Huntly's permission to take them away with him, saw to their care and training, and gradually they became absorbed into his clan.

About this time these victorious Gordons got into difficulties with the Forbes. A meeting between the two clans took place for the purpose of making an amicable settlement. The difference being made up, both parties sat down to a feast.

"Now," said Gordon to the Forbes chief, "as this business has been satisfactorily settled, tell me, if it had not been so, what was your intention?"

"There would have been bloody work," returned Forbes, "bloody work; and we should have had the best of it. I shall tell you. See, we are mixed, one and one, Forbes and Gordons."

The Gordon chief looked around the gathering and beheld that it was as his companion had said.

Forbes resumed, "I had only to give a sign by the stroking down of my beard, and every Forbes was to draw the dirk from under his left arm and stab to the heart his right-hand man."

As he spoke, Forbes suited the action to the word and stroked down his flowing beard. In a moment, a score of dirks were out, in another moment they were buried in as many Gordon hearts, for the Forbes, mistaking the motion for the agreed-upon sign of death, struck their weapons into the bodies of the unsuspecting clansmen.

The two chiefs looked at each other in silent consternation. At length Forbes said, "This is a sad tragedy we little expected, but what is done cannot be undone, and the blood that now flows on the floor will just help to slacken the auld fire of Corgarf!" He referred to a time when the Gordons burned out the Forbes.

During the reign of James I, the Macnabs had suffered from the plunderings of a robber band of the Macnishes. More than

once the old Macnab chief had vowed vengeance but the Macnishes could not be reached. Their retreat was an island in Loch Earn and they allowed no boat on that water but their own. One of their depredations went beyond endurance. They waylaid Macnab's messenger with dainties for a Christmas feast. Macnab had twelve sons, the weakest of whom could drive his dirk through a three-inch plank at one blow. One of them was known ironically as Smooth John Macnab. On the night of the robbery in question, the twelve were sitting gloomily around their impoverished board when old Macnab came in.

"The night is the night," he said, looking significantly at his sons, "if the lads were the lads."

Without a word Smooth John got up, followed by all his brothers, and left the castle. They were gone the greater part of the night but the old chief waited, and at last they came back. As they filed into the room Smooth John placed the bearded head

of the old Macnish chief on the table with the single sentence, "The night is the night and the lads are the lads."

The twelve had carried their own boat all the way over the mountains to Loch Earn and, making their way to the Macnishes' island, had found the robber clan in a drunken sleep.

Only old Macnish was awake; and when he heard a noise he called out, "Who is there?"

"Whom would you be most afraid to see?" was the reply.

Macnish returned, "There is no man I would like worse to see than Smooth John Macnab."

At that, Smooth John drove in the door, and the old bandit had hardly time to shriek before he met his end. Smooth John seized him by the gray hair and with one sweep of his dirk cut off his head. Then they proceeded leisurely to massacre the entire clan. There was no more robbing of the Macnabs.

Toward the end of the eighteenth

century, there was a Laird of Macnab who had a high idea of his own feudal dignity. When he retired to his Highland fastnesses without paying his accounts it was just as well not to trouble him with reminders.

A messenger from the Lowlands once coming with such a reminder to the Laird was entertained lavishly at supper where no mention of his business was allowed. A sumptuous apartment was given him for the night.

The next morning the messenger was horrified to see a human body hanging from a tree outside his window.

Asking fearfully what that meant he was informed by a retainer of the Laird that it was " just a puir messenger body that had the presumption to come wi' a paper to the Laird."

As can be gathered from what has already been said, clan feuds were common. During the course of a feud some of the Macdonells of Glengarry crossed the hills to Beauly and were the means of originating

some of the wild Highland music so often born amid savage scenes of human terror.

Coming suddenly upon a congregation of Mackenzies at the kirk of Cill-a-Chriosd, they burnt building and congregation together. While the fire was raging, Glengarry's piper, to drown the shrieks of the victims, composed and played the pibroch still known by the name of Cill-a-Chriosd.

On their way home, triumphant, the Macdonells found themselves pursued and took to flight. Their chief, closely followed by a gigantic Mackenzie, came over the shoulder of the mountain at Beauly and making for the Resting Burn leapt the yawning chasm at its narrowest part. The avenger leapt also. He missed his footing, fell back, and would have been killed but for a branch of a tree on the edge which he grasped. Macdonell, returning to the chasm, cut the branch with his knife and watched his enemy crash to death in the abyss below.

The district of Tulloch is the scene of the incident which inspired the wildest of

the Highland reels. A Macgregor had wooed, won and carried off Isobel, daughter of the laird, in spite of her friends who favored a suitor of Clan Robertson. The disappointed lover gathered a few followers, including the young lady's brother, and came suddenly upon his successful rival. Macgregor took refuge in a barn where with dirk and claymore and the musket which his wife loaded for him he destroyed every one of his assailants. So greatly was he overjoyed with his victory that on the spot he composed and danced the "Reel o' Tulloch," wildest of the wild.

There is a tragic sequel to the story. That day's prowess should have earned immunity for the Highlander and his young bride but their enemies were inexorable. Isobel was thrown into prison; and presently they barbarously showed her the head of Macgregor who had been shot. At the sight of this bloody memorial of the man she had loved she was struck with anguish and expired.

One of the most celebrated houses of Scotland is that of Douglas. Eight miles up the Douglas Water is the village of Douglas near which is the site of Douglas Castle. James Douglas became a page in the household of the patriotic Bishop of St. Andrews. He joined Bruce. His complexion was dark and his hair raven black, hence the sobriquet " Black Douglas." He was of commanding stature, large limbed and broad shouldered, courteous in manner but retiring in speech. He had a lisp like Hector of Troy. Douglas Castle was the scene of many of his exploits. While Bruce lay near by, Douglas and two others went off to reconnoitre his old property. In his absence an English garrison had taken possession of Douglas Castle. A servant gathered a few retainers. The English garrison were to attend church service and afterwards hold high carnival in the castle.

Disguised as countrymen, Black Douglas carrying a flail, the Scotsmen attended the service and suddenly with the shout,

" A Douglas! A Douglas! " they threw off their countrymen's mantles and attacked the unsuspecting soldiers, all of whom were killed or taken prisoners. Taking his captives with him Black Douglas went to the castle and, after enjoying the feast prepared for the English garrison, stove in the wine casks and killed the prisoners. He then heaped up their bodies with the provisions, set fire to the mass and burned down the castle. This episode has ever since been known as the " Douglas Larder."

Douglas retired to Galloway. He loved better " to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak," he said. Clifford at once rebuilt the castle and put in one Thirlwall to be governor. Douglas vowed to be revenged. With a small following he returned to Douglasdale and perpetrated a stratagem as old as warfare. Setting an ambush in a place called Sandylands, he disguised some of his men as herdsmen who drove a herd of cattle along the road in view of the castle. Thirlwall determined to capture the cattle

and issued out with his garrison to seize them. When sufficiently far from the castle, the party was surrounded by the ambushed Douglases and Thirlwall, and most of his men were killed.

Black Douglas then gave out that he had taken a vow to be revenged on any Englishman who should dare to hold his father's castle. Douglas Castle was called the Perilous Castle or the Adventurous Castle and it became a point of honor to hold it.

A certain English lady promised to marry an English knight if he would hold the Castle Perilous for a year and a day. Black Douglas, learning that the castle was short of provisions, disguised himself and his followers as country farmers each of whom carried on his horse a great sack of grain or hay. The garrison, seeing this cavalcade of traders apparently on the way to market, determined to seize what they so much required and rode out in pursuit, led by the knight. The disguised Scotsmen

threw away their loads and surrounded the Englishmen. The party was vanquished and the English knight fell in the skirmish. In his pocket was found the letter from his lady love. The knightly heart of Douglas was touched. This time there was no after slaughter. The English survivors were honorably treated and dismissed in safety to Carlisle. But Douglas Castle was never again held by the English.

Clan Macdonald, one of the most powerful in the Highlands, has a varied history. It was said by the enemies of this powerful race that there were more cattle-lifters among the Macdonalds than honest men in other clans. They received from King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn the honor of a place on the right of the army in battle. In that position they performed prodigies of valor. They alleged that no engagement could be successful if this privilege were overlooked, and they adduce the defeats of Harlaw and Culloden as evidences.

The Macdonalds of Clanranald were

once attacked by the Frasers and Grants. The Macdonalds retreated; the enemy, thinking they had dispersed, at once separated. The Macdonalds came upon them singly and slew all but one man, although only eight Macdonalds survived.

The weather was so warm during this battle that the combatants stripped off their clothes and the fight was called "The Battle of the Shirts."

The Macdonalds of the Isles were so powerful that they were never in subjection to the Scottish king and sometimes defeated the royal troops.

Donald Macdonald of the Isles with ten thousand of his clansmen marched to within one day's journey of Aberdeen and only the indecisive battle of Harlaw prevented his subverting the monarchy itself.

During the reign of William (III) occurred that hideous event known as the Massacre of Glencoe. A monument now marks the spot. Glencoe is one of the wildest and most beautiful glens in the Highlands of Scotland

and was inhabited by a branch of the great Clan Macdonald known as the Macdonalds of Glencoe. Earl Campbell of Breadalbane was given by King William the duty to receive the signs and bonds of submission of the clans and the money to pay them upon their submission. He also received orders to proceed with fire and sword against any refractory clans.

The Campbells and Macdonalds of Glencoe were neighboring clans and the cattle of the Macdonalds occasionally wandered onto the Campbell land and fed there. In consequence, when Chief Alexander Macdonald of Glencoe came in to render submission, Earl Campbell of Breadalbane proposed to Glencoe that he, Campbell, should keep Glencoe's submission money in payment for the alleged damage done to the Campbell lands by the wandering cattle. Glencoe demurred, whereupon Campbell sent in word to the government that the Macdonalds of Glencoe were not making submission and that they were an incorrigibly lawless tribe of thieves and murderers.

The legal time for making submission expired on January 1, 1692. On the previous day, December 31, Glencoe appeared at Fort William and offered, a second time, to take the oath of submission but Colonel Hill declined to receive it, giving him, however, a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, at Inverary, in which he stated the case and asked him to receive the oath even though the legal time had expired. Sir Colin Campbell was sheriff of Argyllshire. Macdonald, now thoroughly alarmed for the safety of his clansmen, started off at once on his fifty-mile journey by wild mountain paths, across swollen streams and through deep snow. So eager was he to reach Inverary at the earliest possible moment that, although the road led close by his own house, he would not pause an instant.

Arrived at last he found Sir Colin absent and was obliged to wait three days of terror for his kinsmen before Campbell returned. The sheriff read Colonel Hill's note and agreed with the justice of it and

consequently administered the oath of submission. He also gave Macdonald a certificate stating that he had rendered submission and wrote the Privy Council of the fact. Macdonald accordingly felt secure; but the secretary of the Privy Council was a creature who had a heart that would disgrace an ogre. This wretch suppressed the letter to the Privy Council and made no record of the submission. Ten days later an order bearing King William's signature was issued. It was partly as follows: "As for Macdonald of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to extirpate that set of thieves."

Accordingly, in the dead of winter, Campbell of Glenlyon came with Argyll's regiment to perpetrate the fiendish act. Macdonald met them and asked their errand and they told him that they came for a friendly visit. Thereupon, with Highland generosity, Macdonald opened his homes to

the soldiers and for weeks the murderers-to-be were quartered on their victims-to-be. On the 12th of February the order for the commencement of the butchery arrived. With this order in his pocket, Glenlyon passed the evening of the 12th playing cards with Macdonald's two sons and he and his officers accepted an invitation to dine on the following day with Macdonald himself.

At 4 A. M. the slaughter began. Macdonald was shot on his bed by one of the officers named Lindsay who was to have dined with him that day. His wife was stripped to the skin and died on the following day from horror and exposure. The infernal wretch, Secretary Stair, had meanwhile issued his orders in words that would befit the language of the imps of hell.

"In the winter," he writes, "they cannot carry their wives and children and cattle to the mountains. This is the proper season to maul them, in the long, dark nights!"

Eighty victims were massacred in cold

blood but one hundred and fifty men, women and children escaped. Secretary Stair, pursued by a never-relenting Nemesis, committed suicide.

Fearing that the Campbell regiment would return to finish the massacre of the remaining Macdonalds, the survivors protected themselves in a manner which originated perhaps the most famous and immortal piece of bagpipe music in all Scotland. From its original bagpipe setting it has been put into a song none other than "The Campbells Are Coming." It was the custom in those times to cause captured bagpipers to play for the benefit of their captors and frequently when one clan went to attack another a bagpiper of the assailed clan would be captured far from his native heath and be compelled to play for the advance of the attacking party.

So the Macdonalds of Glencoe who had survived the massacre made an agreement with their bagpipers that if any of them were caught by the returning Campbells

they should play the piece invented at the time which would tell the Macdonalds that the Campbells were coming. When the Campbells did return to finish their horrid work given them to do by the English government they captured a Macdonald bagpiper, and he, true to his oath to his fellow-clansmen, lustily struck up "The Campbells Are Coming" and continued to play the tune until near Glencoe when the alarmed clansmen took flight. The Campbells never knew, till long after, the reason why they found no Macdonalds in the glen of blood.

The most famous clan in all Scotland, and the one which has had more parliamentary acts passed about it than any other clan or combination of clans — famous for its misfortunes, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, "for the indomitable courage with which they maintained themselves as a clan" after the British parliament had determined upon their annihilation, and even the penalty of death was pronounced against any person

bearing the name — is that of Gregor or Macgregor.

Again the Minstrel of the Border says of the Macgregors: "The energy and spirit which sustained them in misfortune characterize them still." From their habitat the Macgregors are called "The Children of the Mist."

The history of this clan, descended from King Alpin and sometimes called Clan Alpin, is long and striking. Its length is attested by the Scottish saying "Hills and streams and Macalpins" putting back their origin to that of the hills and streams.

"My race is royal" is their proud boast. The Macgregors fought with their full force at Bannockburn.

Living in the vicinity of Loch Tay, a particularly sterile section of the always stubborn-soiled Highlands, only with great difficulty did the Macgregors raise anything to support themselves. Surrounded by powerful clans who hemmed them in, their only recourse was to fight for a living and this

made them the greatest fighters in all Scotland.

When their bright red tartans descended from the Glenarchy hills there were few who cared to oppose them.

Time and again, century after century, marauding bands of the Macgregors came down from their mist enshrouded fastnesses and drove home the cattle of the neighboring clans.

Owing to a desire for the lands of the hemmed-in Macgregors and also desirous of breaking the power of so virile a clan, the neighbors of the Macgregors plotted their destruction. Persecutions they brought them but downfall never.

They were attacked on all sides. The sanguinary battle of Glenfruin was forced upon the Macgregors. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun undertook to coerce the Macgregors with unsatisfactory results. Alastair Macgregor of Glenstrae, their chief, went to Luss, Colquhoun's territory, with only two hundred Macgregors for an amicable settlement of the trouble.

The interview was satisfactory to all appearances and the two hundred Macgregors started homewards. But Colquhoun treacherously determined to take advantage of them. Collecting some Buchanans, Graemes and others to the number of five hundred horsemen and three hundred foot they waylaid the two hundred homeward-bound Macgregors in the vale of Glenfruin, where there was no road, and immediately attacked them without any provocation.

It would seem reasonable to state that such a piece of consummate treachery has rarely been equalled, but the outcome was not as the perpetrators planned. Many years later there lived a ploughman poet of Scotland who wisely wrote:

"But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy."

The God of battles defended the innocent in that bloody transaction and, incred-

ible as it may seem, the eight hundred enemies of the two hundred Macgregors only succeeded in killing two Macgregors. Fired by righteous wrath and their indomitable spirit the Macgregors pressed the uneven fight till there was hardly a survivor of their enemy.

The district on the west shore of Loch Lomond is associated with some savage passages in the clan wars of the Highlands. There, at Bannachra Castle the Macgregors and Macfarlanes besieged and killed Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss in 1592.

Subsequently the Macgregors and Macfarlanes themselves got into difficulties and the Macgregors straightened the matter out by completely annihilating the Macfarlanes who were responsible. About ten years later, the Macgregors killed a royal deer-keeper named Drummond and, asking at his sister's house for food, they placed the murdered man's head on the table with the mouth stuffed with bread and cheese, where she could see it on entering the room. Other

acts of savagery following quickly upon this, a strong effort to break the strength of the Macgregors was determined upon.

More than a hundred widows of the members of Clan Colquhoun who had been killed at Glenfruin by the Macgregors rode through the streets of Stirling, each one dressed in weeds, mounted upon a white palfry and bearing aloft upon a spear her husband's blood-stained shirt. Many women waved also the shirts of other men, and the total was more than two hundred. The aim of this demonstration was to arouse the government of James VI to take measures against the Macgregors. James was easy of persuasion, and accordingly, within a month, the name of Macgregor was abolished by Act of Privy Council and it was decreed that anyone calling himself Gregor or Macgregor must take another surname under pain of death.

More than one hundred years later, David Balfour, hero of Stevenson's novel of that name, met a lassie of apparent note

in the streets of Edinburgh and she befriended him. She learned that he had come from Balquhidder. He, being moved by a spirit of gratitude for what she had done for him, said, " I wish that you would keep my name in mind for the sake of Balquhidder; and I will yours for the sake of my lucky day."

" My name is not spoken," she replied, with a great deal of haughtiness. "More than a hundred years it has not gone upon men's tongues, save for a blink. I am nameless like the fairies. Catriona Drummond is the one I use."

" Now," said Balfour, " I knew where I was standing. In all broad Scotland there was but the one name proscribed, and that was the name of the Macgregors."

All the Macgregors connected in any way with the battle at Glenfruin were prohibited from carrying any weapon other than a pointless knife wherewith to cut up food. In 1613 this Act was repeated and again four years later and members of the Clan were forbidden to assemble in numbers

exceeding four. Within a year thereafter Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, who had commanded at Glenfruin, and about thirty-five of the clan had been taken and hanged. With the Restoration in the reign of Charles II and James II the Acts against the Clan Macgregor were repealed, but they were re-enacted during the Revolution.

To these Acts of oppression the Macgregors responded with unabated fortitude. Their lands were taken from them by the king and given to powerful neighbors who had really been the instigators of the oppressions of the Macgregors for the sake of obtaining their lands. These grantees came to take the lands by virtue of their parchment rolls and found a battle line of the Macgregors awaiting to defend their hereditary title with the naked claymore. The attitude of the Macgregors is best expressed in the wild gathering song of the Clan:

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day.
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo,

Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.
If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles.
Then gather, gather, gather — gather, gather, gather,
While there's leaves in the forest or foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever.
Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach,
Landless, landless, landless.
Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.
If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles.
Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever."

So unmerited were the wrongs of the Macgregors, so bravely were they borne for two hundred years, that to this day it is often the custom for clan gatherings to rise from the food-laden board, lift their glasses

and drink heartily to the toast — "Clan Macgregor!"

Finally, about one hundred years ago, by Act of the British Parliament, the penal statutes against the Macgregors were forever abolished.

It was during the period when the use of the name Macgregor was prohibited that the most famous member of the clan flourished.

Robert Campbell Macgregor, commonly called Rob Roy or Robert the Red, was brought up on a farm in Balquhidder near the head of Loch Earn, previously mentioned in connection with the adventure of Smooth John Macnab and his eleven brothers. He was born about the year 1671. His mother was a Campbell and, as Macgregor was proscribed, with repugnance he assumed his mother's name.

Previous to the year 1712 he was occupied in a perfectly legitimate manner as a thriving cattle trader with the Lowlanders of the Scottish Borders and he had

the confidence and protection of the Duke of Montrose. A series of unfortunate ventures, however, put an end to this period of prosperity, and Rob Roy found himself indebted in large sums to Montrose and others. Proceedings were taken against him in the course of which his wife and children were evicted from their home in midwinter. Deprived of the ordinary means of livelihood, hunted, anathematized, he began the period of outlawry with which his name is associated. Proscribed and shut out from every lawful calling, Rob Roy, who conceived the action of Montrose as unjust and tyrannical, attached himself to the rival house of Argyll, whose name he had assumed.

With a band of disaffected persons belonging mainly to his own clan, Rob Roy set up as a freebooter and protector of weaker property rights for a stipulated price.

"His stature," writes Sir Walter Scott, "was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The

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greatest peculiarities of his person were the breadth of his shoulders and the great and almost disproportioned length of his arms, so remarkable indeed that it was said that he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick and frizzled and curled short around the face. Though a descendant of the bloodthirsty Ciar Mohr, he inherited none of his ancestor's ferocity. On the contrary Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. Like Robin Hood of England he was a kind and gentle robber, and while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor."

His lawless life went on from year to year until the English government put a price upon his head. When this became

known to Rob Roy he assembled his clansmen, armed them fully and marched down into a Lowland city. When arrived, he and his retainers passed through the streets of the city and waited for someone to attempt his capture but no hostile hand was raised.

Finally the government sent a regiment into Rob's territory to capture him. Wolfe, of Quebec fame, was an officer in that regiment. When the English had arrived unopposed in Rob's vicinity Rob Roy himself walked into their camp and said to an officer, "You seek Rob Roy Macgregor. Here I am." Even then they dared not touch him for they knew his clansmen were behind every rock.

An earthwork was thrown up by the English and Rob sent in word that he would wait until they finished it before he captured it. When the fort was completed Rob and his clansmen stormed it and it fell. The prisoners were sent to the Lowlands with a note from Rob Roy asking the government to send men, not women, to capture Rob Roy Macgregor.

Sir Walter Scott gives the following tradition regarding the manner of Rob Roy's death. When very near his end, a certain Maclaren, who had been an enemy, came to see him.

"Raise me from my bed," said Rob; "throw my plaid around me and bring me my claymore, dirk and pistols. It shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy Macgregor defenseless and unarmed."

Rob Roy maintained a cold, haughty civility during the short conference, and as soon as Maclaren had left the house he said, "Now, all is over; let the piper play 'We Return No More,'" and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished. He was buried in the kirkyard of Balquhidder where his tombstone is only distinguished by a rude attempt at a figure of a broadsword.

At the time of the story of Stevenson's "Kidnapped," its hero says upon coming to Balquhidder: "In the braes of Balquhidder were many of that old, proscribed, nameless,

red-handed clan of the Macgregors. Their chief, Macgregor of Macgregor, was in exile; James More, Rob Roy's eldest son, lay waiting his trial in Edinburgh Castle; they were in ill blood with Highlander and Lowlander. Robin Oig, another of Rob Roy's sons, stepped about Balquhidder like a gentleman in his own walled garden. It was he who had shot James Maclaren, the clansman who had visited his dying father, yet he walked into the house of his blood enemies as a commercial traveller into a public inn. The corrie is still pointed out on Cruachan where the last Macgregor of the neighborhood to be hunted with a bloodhound like a wild beast, turned to bay and shot his deep mouthed tracker. The Earl of Murray transplanted three hundred of the proscribed Macgregors from Menteith, and settled them as a barrier against another turbulent clan, the Mackintoshes, in Aberdeenshire. There, under the name of Gregory, these descendants of the Clan Alpin gave birth not only to some, but to a

whole galaxy of the most distinguished men that Scotland has produced. In the church, in the army, in the civil professions, Macgregor has long been, and is now, a familiar and an honored name."

But to other themes! The spirit of Mary Stuart hung heavy over the hills of her own bonnie Scotland. Her untimely death by treachery was not forgotten and the mutterings to her and to her race in the breasts of the Scots from time to time grew audible.

On a November day in 1715 there occurred the ill-managed battle of Sheriffmuir on the moor above Dunblane where the sheriff's weaponschawings were held in old times. This battle put an end to the first Jacobite rebellion.

The circumstances of the fight are well known. The Earl of Mar was marching from Perth to surprise Argyll, the royalist general, who lay in Stirling. Argyll marched to meet the enemy with a force of only three thousand five hundred while that of Mar was nine thousand strong. On the

night of the 13th, the Highland army, ever true to the Stuarts, came into view around the shoulder of the Ochils; and the ancient Gathering Stone on the moor is pointed out as the place where the Highlanders sharpened their claymores and dirks. The right wings of both armies began the battle and both right wings were victorious but no further fighting was done and the armies gradually drew away from each other, leaving one thousand dead on the field. The battle cannot fairly be regarded as a loss to either side, and the following rhyme contains a true account of it.

"Some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But o' a'e thing I'm sure
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran and they ran awa', man."

Rob Roy Macgregor stood aloof and watched the proceedings with five hundred Macgregors. When appealed to by Mar

to take part in the action, Rob refused, saying, " No, no, if it cannot be done without me it cannot be done with me." The century was not to complete its cycle before these Macgregors were to cover themselves with immortal glory at the battle of Culloden.

Before that century had elapsed a period had arrived in Scottish history which has not a parallel extant — a period marked by fortitude, devotion and self-sacrifice which it may be possible to say has not an equal in history. It is known in Scotland as "The '45," referring to the year 1745. Around that date cluster more romance and song than around any other.

Inverness-shire is more closely associated with the Jacobite rising known as " The '45 " than any other county in Scotland. It was on the island of Eriska that Prince Charles Edward first set foot on Scottish soil; at Highbridge occurred the first outbreak of hostilities; at Glenfinnan the standard was raised; at Invergarry the chiefs signed a bond to stand or fall together;

on Culloden Muir was fought the closing and decisive battle of the campaign; and, finally, it was the wild mountainous region of western Inverness-shire, and the desolate islands of the western Hebrides that received and concealed the Prince during those five months' wanderings which constitute the most romantic episode in the history, one might almost say of any country, but most certainly of Scotland.

Charles Edward Lewis Casimir was the elder son of James (son of James VII) sometimes called the Pretender and sometimes the Chevalier de St. George.

His mother was Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland. He was born at Rome on December 20, 1720, and thus was but twenty-four years old when, despairing of obtaining that aid from France which had all along been deemed necessary for the attempt to place his father on the British throne—then in the possession of his second cousin and her husband—he determined to try what daring

and his own winning personality could accomplish.

On June 22, 1745, Prince Charlie, attended by only seven adherents, embarked at Nantes on board *La Doutelle* and twelve days later he was joined by the *Elizabeth*, a French ship of war privately fitted out. During the voyage the *Elizabeth* attacked a British man-of-war and received such injuries as compelled her to put back to France. *La Doutelle* proceeded alone, and on July 23, a month from the date of embarkation, Prince Charlie landed on the bleak little island of Eriska, in the Outer Hebrides, and spent his first night in what he looked upon as his father's rightful kingdom, in the cottage of a tenant of the Macdonalds of Clanranald.

As that little ship approached the wild Scottish coast and the Prince gazed on the land of his royal fathers, wondering what the outcome of his righteous effort would be, a large Hebridean eagle came and hovered over the vessel. It was first observed by the

Marquis of Tullibardine, who did not choose to make any remark upon it at once lest he be deemed superstitious.

Some hours later, on returning to the deck after dinner and seeing the eagle still following their course, the Marquis pointed it out to the Prince, saying, " Sir, this is a happy omen: the king of birds is come to welcome your royal highness on your arrival in Scotland."

It would have seemed so on that memorable day, months later, in Edinburgh when, on the eve of the Battle of Prestonpans, in the presence of Prince Charles Edward, James, his exiled father, was proclaimed James VIII, King of Great Britain and Ireland. That was the occasion of the most ardent enthusiasm Edinburgh has displayed in all its centuries of existence.

As the Prince rode up the street dressed in the Highland garb of the royal Stuarts with his own additional markings, ladies pressed to touch his stirrup and kiss his hand, rank and beauty crowded the balconies

and forestairs, and scarfs, kerchiefs and banners waved.

As the heralds, in their antique dress, with blast of trumpet proclaimed the king, the loveliest of the Jacobite ladies rode through the throng distributing the white cockade. Wild with delight, at the ball in Holyrood, to see the heir of the Scottish kings appear once more in the palace of his fathers, the bravest blood of all Scotland that night crowded the halls.

The daughters of lord and chief cast on the Prince looks of undisguised devotion. Never had so gallant a prince appealed to his subjects in such romantic circumstances, and never did a people receive their sovereign with so much rapture.

Here on the following day he received a bitter disappointment. Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, brother of Clanranald, chief of an important branch of the Clan Macdonald, came to assure the Prince of the hopelessness of the expedition. Without men, arms and money, he declared,

nothing could be done, nor could the clans be counted upon to rise.

He ended by begging the Prince to return home, to which the latter made reply, "I am come home, sir, and can entertain no notion of returning to the place whence I came. I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me."

Well indeed did the bonnie Prince know the temper of Highland blood! Boisdale left him persisting in his refusal to influence his brother to call out his clan.

While the entire party were still on board *La Doutelle* and when as yet the foot of Prince Charles Edward had not been placed on Scottish soil, in spite of the protestations of Clanranald and others Charles persisted and implored.

During the conversation the parties were gesticulating on the deck near where a Highlander stood armed at all points, as was then the custom. He was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart and had come off to enquire for news, not knowing who was on board.

When he gathered from the discourse that the stranger was the heir of Britain, when he heard his chief and brothers refuse to take up arms for their Prince, his color went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place and grasped his claymore.

Charles observed his demeanor, and turning suddenly round, appealed to him: "Will you not assist me?"

"I will! I will!" exclaimed Ranald. "Though not another man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!"

The tears of gratitude came into the eyes of the Prince and the thanks to his lips.

The Prince proceeded to the mainland, landing at Borradale in the country of Clanranald. Young Clanranald visited the Prince on the ship and heartily embraced his cause. At Borradale most disheartening news was received from Macleod of Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. The two Skye chiefs mentioned, upon whose adherence the Prince had con-

fidently relied, not only refused to join in the expedition but actually gave active aid to the government. So desperate was the outlook at this juncture that all those about the Prince joined in endeavoring to persuade him to abandon the attempt and return to France.

What king has ever shown better spirit than the Prince in his reply that, if he could find but six men willing to follow him, he would choose rather to skulk among the mountains of Scotland than to turn back. In all history what royal scion has uttered braver words or ones more worthy of laudation.

Lochiel, chief of Clan Cameron, came to Borradale bent upon persuading the Prince from making the attempt but the result of the interview was his own promise to join. Prince Charlie reproachfully announced his purpose to raise the royal standard with the few friends he had.

"Lochiel," he declared, "who my father has often told me was our firmest friend,

may stay at home and learn from a distance the fate of his Prince."

Lochiel replied that not he alone but "every man over whom nature or fortune" had given him power should share the Prince's fate. Macdonald of Glengarry promised to send out his clan.

Thus it was decided to raise the standard of James VIII at Glenfinnan, and messengers were sent throughout the country calling upon all who favored the cause to meet the Prince there. At about this time two companies of Royal Scots, a regiment of regulars, were taken prisoners by a hastily assembled body of Highlanders on the shores of the now Caledonian Canal.

The Royal Scots were marching along when the dreaded sound of the bagpipes broke upon their unaccustomed Lowland ears and they were terror-stricken to see their way blocked by what appeared to be a considerable body of Highlanders. The object of their alarm was ten or twelve Macdonalds who, by skipping and leaping

about and by holding out their tartans between each other, contrived to make a formidable appearance. The outcome was the capture of the two hundred Lowlanders by the dozen Highlanders.

On August 19 the Prince reached Glenfinnan, but to his great disappointment none of the clans had assembled. Only about two hundred of Clanranald's men were present and the actual raising of the standard was intrusted to the Marquis of Tullibardine who was in such feeble health that two Highlanders had to support him to the top of a small elevation, now marked by a monumental tower, selected for the ceremony of raising the standard of Bonnie Prince Charlie, relative of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Tullibardine then flung upon the mountain winds that flag which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread such woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain. A declaration in the name of James VIII to the people of Great Britain, a commission appointing the Prince to be

regent in place of his absent father, and a manifesto by the Prince were then read. The loyal clans poured in. A few days later intelligence was received of the steps the government was taking to suppress the rising.

A reward of $150,000 had been offered for the Prince who retaliated by offering the same amount for the apprehension of the so-called Elector of Hanover. Word was also brought that General Cope, for the government, was marching toward the mountain pass of Corryarick, about ten miles south of Fort Augustus.

A detachment was sent forward to seize the pass and the rest of the army followed the next day. After crossing the Corryarick Pass the Highlanders, now augmented by various bodies of recruits, found that General Cope had turned aside to march to Inverness, thus avoiding the battle which the Highlanders were longing to give. Had the decisive battle been fought then instead of under the circum-

stances of semi-starvation and frightful odds of Culloden, the result would have been vastly different to British history.

"Cam' ye by Athol, lad with the philabeg,
Doun by the Tummel or the banks of the Garry?
Saw ye the lads with their bonnets and white cockades
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

"Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang thou hast loved and trusted us fairly,
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, Bonnie Prince Charlie!"

Ravages by night and day, bribes of unheard-of size, destructions of homes and families, hunger, thirst, nakedness, peril and sword endured for Charlie's sake, subsequently proved beyond a peradventure the kingship of Bonnie Prince Charlie over Highland hearts.

As General Cope had too much the start of the Highlanders for pursuit it was determined to turn as once to the Lowlands with a view to the capture of Edinburgh. From the pass of Corryarick a detachment was sent to make an attempt to capture the

government barracks of Badenoch. They brought back an important captive — Ewan Macpherson of Cluny, captured at Cluny Castle. Macpherson had left Sir John Cope only the day before to raise his clan for the government. But he had been contemptuously treated by Cope who, with extraordinary fatuity, could not see the difference between a captain of the line and a Highland chief, whose word was law to a whole clan and who could command the unquestioned service of four hundred claymores. He was furious at Cope and the persuasions of his Jacobite friends so acted on him that, after ten days' imprisonment in the Jacobite camp, he again returned home to raise his clan but now for Prince Charlie whom he afterwards joined and served to the end. Leaving Perth, the Highland army marched to Dunblane and to Edinburgh. Then came the victorious battle of Prestonpans which gave them Edinburgh.

Charles, while in Edinburgh, learned that General Cope had landed at Dunbar

and was at last marching to give him battle which he had previously avoided.

The brave Prince proposed to meet him half way and asked the Highland chiefs how the clansmen would behave toward a general who had already avoided them. The reply was from Keppoch who was the only one who had seen the Highlanders in action against regular troops. He said "Your Highness will be pleased with their conduct."

The Prince, putting himself at the head of the Highlanders, presented his claymore and spoke aloud, "My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard!"

When the royal troops first perceived the army of the Prince they raised a shout, to which the Highlanders readily replied. As evening drew on, after the cannon had been ineffectually playing on the Highland ranks, the Scotsmen wrapped themselves in their tartans and lay down to sleep on the stubble fields. Prince Charlie slept thus with his true-hearted men.

Oh, that fateful night! The Southron forces little knew the mettle of the kilted men so near them. What would the morrow disclose? Who would be first to fall, and how many would never return to England? But, on the other hand, would there be a battle? Would not those wild Highlanders be awed by the great military display before them, and retreat? In the English hearts there was something which told them that they would not.

At length the first intimations of approaching day came but the mists of Scotland hung heavy over the field. In the English camp not a sound could be heard in the Scottish army. Why that awe-inspiring silence? The sentries peered fearfully through the fog.

All at once there was a universal start of fright on the Southron picket line. Here and there in the clouds of vapor could be seen bodies of men rushing forward in absolute silence! On this side were men in red tartans, on that in blue; here was green,

and there, yellow. As soundless as the interweavings of the mist was their running approach!

Nothing is more terrifying than an enemy in the dark especially when you know that he is approaching without sound. The English were terror-stricken. They did not know the efficient method of fighting employed by Scotia's Gaelic sons.

This method caused them to advance with the utmost rapidity toward the enemy, give fire only when in actual musket length of the human object of the attack, and then, throwing down their firearms, draw their claymores and holding a dirk in the left hand along with the target on the left arm dart with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire.

When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they contrived to receive the thrust on their targets; then raising their left arm and with it the enemy's bayonet point, they rushed in upon the soldier, now defenseless, killed him at

one blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at once. These tactics won the battle of Prestonpans in just four minutes. All that followed was carnage.

There is a stirring picture of the advance of the Highlanders at Prestonpans which is an inspiration to all who see it. Advancing up the hill, and therefore at a disadvantage, is the braw double line of laddies from the mountains; Prince Charlie leads the second line. On each face is pictured a self-sacrificing purpose willing to forfeit life itself to maintain; each strong right hand clasps the unconquered claymore of Scotland and each left arm is bent behind its javelin pointed targe; victory is spelled on their faces.

The wounded of the royal army were treated by their conquerers with a degree of humanity which might well have been imitated by the English on a subsequent occasion.

Immediately after Prestonpans came the advance of the Highland army into England itself and

"England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When all the blue bonnets came over the Border."

There were many in Lancashire and Wales ready to join the standard of the Stuart king. The army had then increased to six thousand men who had left homes and families and now native country simply to fight for the right and justice. In all that went before this and all that comes after, it should be remembered that these devoted men were well aware that no advantage would accrue to themselves from all that they did or were going to do. They were animated by pure love and desire to see filial devotion prevail in the royal as well as in their own families.

Terror unmitigated spread throughout England, especially in the counties immediately subject to the Highlanders approach. No one had ever seen any large body of Highlanders and few knew anything about them. It was commonly reported that they

were pagan savages, cut-throats and despoilers of all despoilable.

Contrary to expectation and greatly to the surprise of the English, the Highlanders neither attempted to cut the throats nor violate the property of the inhabitants. Carlisle, England, was captured. It is credibly stated that women hid their children at the Highlanders' approach under the impression that they were cannibals, fond in particular of the flesh of infants.

Everywhere there was great surprise that these men, so far from acting like savage robbers, expressed a polite gratitude for what refreshments were given them.

The great city of Manchester was entered and recruits obtained. On the first of December, 1745, the army left Manchester with London as their object. On the 4th the army of the Prince entered Derby. Charles was now within one hundred and twenty-seven miles of the capital of England. No invading band since the Saxon kings ever advanced so far into England.

The common expectation was that the longed-for battle was to take place and there was a general sharpening of broadswords. Although three separate English armies were organized against them they did not dare to give the Highlanders battle. Little did the faithful Highlanders think that at this time when their quarry was within their grasp they were to be turned back by their officers.

Inasmuch as the three armies about them numbered thirty thousand to their six thousand, the chiefs determined upon a retreat to Scotland and the Esk was forded into that country on December 20th.

The men had been two months away from their own country. Many were barefooted and barelegged, their exposed limbs were red with the winter weather and their hair matted and falling over their eyes.

An eye witness said, "I saw the clans march through Annandale to Dumfries; Prince Charles walked at the head of the Clan Macpherson, which defeated the Duke of Cumberland's horse and gave some check

to the advance of the English troops. He was a tall, well-made young man; his deportment affable and princely. When the Highland army crossed the Esk River it was flooded and the Highlanders had to ford it, nearly one hundred packed together to avoid being carried away by the stream. Prince Charles took one of them on his own horse and desired the officers to do the same. On reaching the shore, the dripping and benumbed Highlanders danced a reel on the frozen ground to restore their circulation and dry their clothes. One hundred pipers played the reel. The Jacobite song, "The Hundred Pipers," originated thus.

"Will they all return to their ain dear glen?
Will they all return, our Highland men?
Second sighted Sandy looked full wae,
And mithers grat when they marched away.
Then it's o'er the Border, awa'! awa'!
It's o'er the Border, awa'! awa'!
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts its arrows and a', and a'!"

Stirling Castle was captured.

On the 17th of January the army of the Prince defeated General Hawley at Falkirk

against most desperate odds. A fortnight later, hearing that the Duke of Cumberland had joined the government army as commander in chief, the Highland chief, in spite of their unbroken chain of victories, feeling too weak to resist him, insisted on the Prince retreating to the Highlands, and the march north began on February 1. On the 12th of February the Prince crossed into Invernessshire and arrived at Moy Hall, the seat of the chief of Clan Mackintosh. Lord Loudon, commanding the garrison at Inverness, set out with a body of fifteen hundred troops to surprise the Prince in the night at Moy Hall. Lady Mackintosh instantly despatched a boy to give warning. On the road he was overtaken by Loudon's soldiers but he hid in a ditch until they had passed.

A blacksmith named Fraser, curious to see the Prince, had come to Moy Hall the evening before and Lady Mackintosh sent him out with four others to patrol the Inverness road beyond the line of the guards and sentries. On perceiving Lord Loudon's

Bonnie Prince Charlie

force approaching, Fraser stationed his four men at a little distance the one from the other, and firing his musket at the advancing body of fifteen hundred ordered the others to do the same. Fraser's shot killed the Macleod's piper, the most celebrated musician in the Highlands; the others also took effect, and when Fraser followed up the attack by calling out valiantly for imaginary regiments of Camerons and Macdonalds to advance, the soldiers of Loudon were seized with panic, and, wheeling about in the dark, the whole body fled in the utmost confusion back to Inverness. This event is called the Rout of Moy. The bed in which the Prince slept and the Highland bonnet he wore are still preserved at Moy.

The Highland army entered Inverness close upon the heels of Lord Loudon's retreating force and Inverness Castle was captured. This was followed by the capture of Fort Augustus held by the government in the very heart of the country loyal to the Prince and Scotland. In the mean-

time Lord Loudon was driven out of Sutherland and his force scattered to the four winds and a brilliant operation was executed in Perthshire whereby with the aid of Cluny Macpherson thirty of the government posts were simultaneously captured. In all the annals of war where can you find the parallel of that feat?

Another success followed, the skirmish of Keith. The place was garrisoned by thirty dragoons and seventy Campbells and all who were not killed were captured. To furnish the thunder cloud to the otherwise clear sky of the Prince's fortunes, the sloop of war the Prince Charles which was returning from France with supplies of men and money, closely pursued by English men of war, ran ashore, landed crew and cargo, which immediately fell into the hands of the enemies of Prince Charlie. The party sent out by the Prince to recover the men and treasure were captured at Dunrobin Castle on the very day preceding the ill-starred slaughter of Culloden.

The eve of one of the most self-sacrificing battles of history is now recalled — where devotion and loyalty and honor of the highest degree were to be pitted against mercenaries and men fighting for an usurper in the eyes of the Land o' Heather. The loss of money before mentioned was a serious blow to the Jacobites, now much hampered for want of funds. The suffering arising from faulty administration of the commissariat had resulted in many of the men going off on their own account in search of food. When a night attack upon the government troops at Nairn under Cumberland was resolved upon and messengers were sent out to bring these stragglers in, some of them declared that they would prefer to be shot on the spot rather than to be made to endure their hunger any longer. A man, especially a Scottish Highlander, is on the verge of starvation when he comes to that situation. The famished condition of the men, the great darkness of that memorable night and the rough nature of the ground, so delayed the men

that when the army was within three miles of Nairn it was found to be too close to daylight for any chance of success and the devoted Highlanders were marched back to Culloden Muir.

Upon one single man, one recreant, can be put the blame for all that follows of misfortune in the history of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He was the man in charge of the Commissary Department of the Highland army. Had he done his plain duty the night attack at Nairn would have been successfully delivered by a well-fed army of never conquered men and Culloden Muir would never have been fought.

Upon the return of the devoted Highland army to the Muir of Culloden — though unknown to them the Prince had given orders for bringing meat and drink for them to the field — many through their great want of meat, drink and sleep, even slipped off to take some refreshment at Inverness, Culloden, and the neighborhood where they had friends and acquaintances.

The refreshment so lulled the exhausted men to sleep that many were surprised and murdered in their beds miles from the battle-field by the Butcher Cumberland's orders after the Battle of Culloden was all over.

The exhausted condition of the Highland army is well indicated by this. The Prince went to Culloden House where his sole refreshment that morning was a bit of bread and some whisky. At that worst of all hours for the bonnie Prince and his heroic army who suffered all those miseries rather than be unfaithful to their country and rightful sovereign, word was brought that Cumberland was marching from Nairn. The Prince instantly hurried off to collect his men and prepare to give battle, entirely against the advice of the chiefs who urged that, in the exhausted and depleted condition of the army, this should on no account be risked. But finding the Prince determined, they reluctantly gave in, and the weak and emaciated army was drawn up in line of battle. Shortly before one o'clock the

Duke of Cumberland drew up his well-groomed legions about five hundred paces away.

Cumberland went among his troops before the battle telling them to permit the Highlanders to mingle with them, to let them feel the force of the bayonet, that they might know with what men they had to do. Wolfe's regiment was sent forward on one flank so that when the Highlanders charged, if they could be made to, that the Southron regiment could come around behind them and thus, with enemies before and behind, the Highlanders would be enveloped.

The great object of the battle of Culloden was for each side to try to force the other to attack. The attacking side would be at a tremendous disadvantage, as was Pickett, later, at bloody Gettysburg. The possession of many cannon on the part of the English enabled them to wreak great destruction on the Scottish army while the Scots could retaliate only by charging.

It then became only a question of how

long the weakened Highlanders would endure being slaughtered before wreaking hand to hand vengeance.

Right there is where Prince Charlie seemingly made his fatal mistake. Even though the men were in rags and half starved they might have won the battle had they been ordered to charge at the opening of the cannonade. At Prestonpans they had not feared the cannon, at Culloden they were held in check to be butchered by them.

It is the Highland custom to scruge the bonnets before a charge so as not to lose them in the havoc. An eye-witness at Culloden says that never, perhaps, was that motion performed with so much emphasis as then when every Scot's forehead burned with the desire to avenge some dear friend and fellow-clansman who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery.

Notwithstanding that the three files of the front ranks of the English poured forth their incessant musketry fire, notwithstanding that the cannon — now loaded with grape

shot — swept the field as with a hail storm, notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment, onward, onward, onward through shot and projectiles rushed the headlong, desperate, famished and body-sore, kilted men, flinging themselves into rather than rushing upon the ranks of the enemy! It was the claymore hand to hand where every stroke drank deep of the blood of the usurper's supporters! All that courage, all that despair, all that devotion could do was done. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense — but only a moment, for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders slaughtered the English advance line.

Passing through the first line some survivors reached the British second line but not a single Highlander lived to press his body against the bayonets of the third line. Nevertheless, almost every man in the Scottish front rank fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although what remained of the English

army gave way, it was not until every bayonet was bloody and bent with the strife.

The persevering valor of the Highlanders is proved by the circumstance that at one part of the plain their bodies were found in layers three and four deep, having mounted over a prostrate friend to share in the same certain fate.

The Argyle militia broke down a wall which enabled Hawley's dragoons to attack the famished Highlanders in flank. Major Gillies Macbean, who stood six feet four inches, stationed himself at the gap and, as the assailants passed through, he cut them down by the irresistible strokes of his claymore. No fewer than thirteen, including Lord Robert Ker, were thus slain when the enraged enemy closed around him in numbers and at last the heroic Gillies fell, pierced with many bayonet thrusts, his head dreadfully cut by a sword and his thigh bone broken.

In this charge the Macdonalds had been much incensed at being put on the left wing.

They had enjoyed a position on the right in all battles and struggles in behalf of the royal family of Scotland since Bannockburn. The result was that the Macdonalds refused to charge. They stood their ground and fired on the English.

Upon seeing this, Keppoch exclaimed, "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" and rushing forward into the ranks of the enemy he soon met his death.

This action on the part of the Macdonalds turned the tide of the battle for they were one of the very strongest clans, and upon whom the bonnie Prince relied much. In a short time the battle was over, the human blood standing fetlock deep in the struggling ranks, and the army of the Prince was routed. The Prince left the field when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the multitudes of brave men who had already spilled their hearts' blood in his cause.

Then, in contradistinction to the High-

landers' mercy in all their battles, began an awful slaughter. At the Butcher Cumberland's orders his soldiers went over the moor and bayonetted any of the Scottish wounded who had life enough remaining to make any motion. The Inverness road was made reeking with corpses. The soldiers went about in sport dabbling in the blood until they looked like butchers rather than so-called Christian soldiers.

Cumberland in person murdered a young wounded Scot who, on being asked for whom he stood, replied, "The Prince!"

Seventy were carried to a high piece of ground and deliberately murdered.

The wounded in houses were dragged out and slain. The Laird of Macleod saw seventy-two killed in cold blood. A hut containing some wounded men was set fire to by the English and thirty-two burned alive. And this in the eighteenth century of our Lord!

Some wounded in the garden of Culloden House were carried out in carts to a

park wall near by and told to prepare for instant death. Such as were able threw themselves on their knees to ask for the same mercy they had formerly given at the only tribunal where they could hope for it. While they were thus engaged, a platoon of musketry put an end to the lives of nearly all. The soldiers were ordered to club their muskets and beat out the brains of such as showed any symptoms of life.

This is the only battle of the arduous campaign in which Prince Charlie's army was defeated.

On Culloden Muir there stands today a huge stone cairn bearing the inscription,

"THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN
was fought on this moor
16th. April 1746
The graves of the gallant Highlanders
who fought for
Scotland and Prince Charlie
are marked by the names of their clans."

CULLODEN MUIR

"The moorland wide and waste and brown
Heaves far and near and up and down,
Few trenches green the desert crown,
And these are the graves of Culloden!

"Alas! what mournful thoughts they yield,
Those scars of sorrow yet unhealed,
On Scotland's last and saddest field —
Oh, the desolate moor of Culloden!

"Ah me! what carnage vain was there,
What reckless fury, mad despair,
On this wide moor such odds to dare —
Oh, the wasted lives of Culloden!"

Of all the clans which fought at Culloden none exceeded in ferocity Clan Macgregor. There was an old score of long duration for the oppressed clan to wipe out. Here they were against their oppressors of England and able to show their devotion to Scotland. One fact will show the quality of the fighting of Clan Macgregor at that hour. Of the hundreds of Macgregors who entered the action but the merest handful lived through it. They lost most heavily of all the clans, for they were there to die killing.

"No more we'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each Highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
Who fought — and died for Charlie!"

Red-coated soldiers were sent into the more accessible Highland glens to massacre the defenseless and many were killed in their beds. The ballad of Baldy Fraser has come down to us.

"My name is Baldy Fraser, man,
I'm puir and auld and pale and wan,
I brak my shin, and tint a han'
Upon Culloden lea, man.

"Our Hielan' clans were bauld and stout,
And thocht to turn their faes about,
But got that day a desperate rout,
And owre the hills did flee, man.

"O Cumberland, what meaned ye then
To ravage ilka Hielan' glen?
Our crime was truth, and love to ane,
We had nae spite at thee, man.

"And you or yours may yet be glad
To trust the honest Hielan' lad;
The bonnet blue and belted plaid
Will stand the last o' three, man."

Yes —"will stand the last o' three, man!" The country of the Butcher Cumberland was only too glad to call upon the bonnet blue and belted plaid to uphold their empire in more modern wars, and although

Bonnie Prince Charlie did not succeed in putting his father on Great Britain's throne, the present reigning family have Stuart blood in their veins.

And now began those five months of hardship, of exposure and of repeated hair-breadth escapes which have thrown a halo of romance over Prince Charlie's memory, and of undying fame over that of the devoted men and women, who at the imminent risk of their fortunes and their lives, undertook loyally the desperate task of supplying him with food and shelter and of guiding him from one place of safety to another. The devotion of the Highlanders to their country and their fleeing Prince is not better expressed than in the old song:

"Come boat me owre, come row me owre,
Come boat me owre to Charlie.
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To ferry me owre to Charlie.
We'll owre the water and owre the sea,
And owre the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie!

"It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,

Though some there be that abhor him;
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's face before him!
I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,
And the sun that glances airily,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.

"I ance had sons, I now hae nane;
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again
And lose them a' for Charlie!
We'll owre the water and owre the sea,
We'll owre the water to Charlie:
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie!"

Feasts of celebration for the expected victory at Culloden were distributed to those who needed the food, and the women prepared bandages for such of the wounded as were fortunate enough to escape the Butcher Cumberland.

Donald Macleod, a native of Skye, met in the forest of Glenbeasdale a stranger walking by himself who, making up to him, asked if he were Donald Macleod of Skye.

Donald, instantly recognizing him notwithstanding his mean attire, said, "I am

the same man, please Your Highness, at your service."

The Prince then confided himself to his care in such terms that, when Donald was telling the story a year afterward, the tears were streaming along his cheeks like rain.

Then ensued the dreadful weeks of hiding, storm, exposure, drenchings, pursuit on land and sea and deathless devotion of the people too long to fill any tome. Then came the meeting with Flora Macdonald in a hut on the west coast of one of the Hebrides. The Highland guide of the Prince, knowing Miss Macdonald, told her that he had brought a friend to see her. She, with some emotion, asked if it was the Prince. He answered that it was and instantly brought him in. It was suggested that Flora Macdonald should conduct the party to Skye, the home of her mother, and it was done.

The Prince's feast of the heart, liver and kidneys of a sheep was rudely inter-

rupted by the news that a party had landed to apprehend them. Then the Prince was compelled to disguise himself as Betty Burke, a maid-servant, and they set out for Skye in a row boat and were fired upon by militia when attempting to land after passing through a tempest.

Going to Kingsburgh, Kingsburgh himself aroused his wife out of bed to prepare supper for the friends he had brought, the little daughter running in to say, "O mither, my faither has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw? I never saw the like of her and he has gone into the hall with her! "

Mrs. Macdonald, obliged to go to the hall for her keys, was equally struck with the singular appearance of the guest; nor was she reassured by what followed, for the stranger immediately arose, went forward and saluted Mrs. Macdonald who, feeling a long stiff beard, trembled to think that this behooved to be some distressed nobleman or gentleman in disguise, for she never dreamed it to be the Prince.

When the poor woman learned the truth she burst out in despair that they would be surely ruined.

"Hout, good wife," was the husband's reply, "we will die but once; and if we are hanged for this, I am sure we die in a good cause."

At Portree, Flora Macdonald parted from the Prince and they never met again.

"Far over yon hills of the heather so green.
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye, as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
'Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!'

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave;
The claymore forever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
The hoof of the horse and the foot of the proud
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

Then followed more hairbreadth escapes of which a few will suffice. Going up one side of a hill the Prince became aware that a searching party was coming up the other side. The only thing that could be done was to crouch down and trust to fortune. The searchers passed within a few feet of him. Stepping out of a path they were once treading they were amazed to see an officer and soldiers swing right into it behind them. It seemed as though every foot of the crags of Scotland was searched for the person of that bonnie one. Pursued by the care of a benign Providence, the Prince in rags and bare feet escaped all pursuers and, travelling by night and hiding by day, reached the coast at Borradale where he had landed and, on September 19th, embarked for France and safely arrived there.

His miraculous escape, while it in some instances seemed the result of an astonishing chain of incidents, was in the main due to the unswerving faithfulness of the High-

landers who had lost all in his cause. Hundreds, many of whom were in the humblest walks of life, had been intrusted with his secret or had become aware of it. Thirty thousand pounds, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, had been offered in vain for the life of one human being, in a country where the sum would have purchased a princely estate. This loyalty of the Highlanders is without parallel in history, considering, too, what they had to suffer for the cause.

Behold this instance of individual suffering for the cause! The two heroes of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" were crossing a moor, after Culloden, when they discovered a body of English dragoons beating it for Scotsmen. On their bellies through the dust, from heather bush to heather bush they crawled until one of them afterward said, "The aching faintness of my body, the labouring of my heart, the soreness of my hands and the smarting of my throat and eyes in the continual smoke of dust and

ashes had grown to be so unbearable that I would gladly have given up but the fear of Alan Stewart lent me courage to continue. As for Alan, he had first turned crimson, but as time went on the redness began to be mixed with patches of white; his breath cried and whistled as it came; and his voice, when he whispered to me, sounded like nothing human."

The government did everything to stamp out what they called "the fires of rebellion," and forbade the carrying of arms in the Highlands or the wearing of the oldest and most picturesque dress of history — the dress of the Highland clans. The result of that law was peculiar. Inured to centuries of the Highland dress, the Highlanders made a sorry shift of the new. Some went bare, only for a hanging cloak or great coat, and carried their trousers on their back like a useless burden; some had made an imitation of the tartan with little party colored stripes patched together like an old wife's quilt; others, again, still wore

the Highland kilt but, by putting a few stitches between the legs, transformed it into a pair of trousers like a Dutchman's. Even those makeshifts were condemned and punished, for the law was harshly applied, in vain hopes to break up the clan spirit; but in that northern land there were few to make remarks and fewer to tell tales.

The Highland chiefs were obliged to flee to France like hunted deer. In "Kidnapped" again we find the following conversation. Alan Stewart says to Balfour,

"'And then I have a bit things to attend to. Whiles, I pick up a few lads to serve the king of France: and that's aye a little money. But the heart of the matter is the business of my chief, Ardshiel.'

"'I thought they called your chief Appin,' said Balfour.

"'Ay, but Ardshiel is the captain of the clan,' said he.

"'Ye see, Balfour, he that was all his life so great a man, and come of the blood

and bearing the name of kings, is now brought down to live in a French town like a poor and private person. He that had four hundred claymores at his whistle, I have seen with these eyes of mine, buying butter in the market-place, and taking it home in a kale leaf. Now the tenants of Appin have to pay a rent to King George, but their hearts are staunch, they are true to their chief and the poor folk scrape up a second rent for Ardshiel. I'm the hand that carries it.' And he struck the belt about his body so that the guineas rang.

"'Do they pay both?' cried I.

"'Ay, David, both,' said he.

"'What! two rents?' I repeated. 'I call it noble,' I cried.

"Alan went on . . . 'When the men of the clans were broken at Culloden, and the good cause went down, and the horses rode over the fetlocks in the best blood of the north, Ardshiel had to flee like a poor deer upon the mountains — he and his lady and his bairns. A sair job we had of it before

we got him shipped; and while he still lay in the heather the English rogues stripped him of his powers, they stripped him of his lands, they plucked the weapons from the hands of his clansmen that had borne arms for thirty centuries; ay, and the very clothes off their backs so that it's now a sin to wear a tartan plaid and a man may be cast into gaol if he has but a kilt about his legs. One thing they could nae kill. That was the love the clansmen bore their chief. These guineas are the proof of it.' "

" Bonnie Charlie's noo awa';
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

" Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

" Ye trusted in your Hieland men;
They trusted you, dear Charlie;
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.

" Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

"English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be:
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.

"Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

Far across the ocean's leagues my eyes strain toward the rising sun until I see the Land of Heather.

A gigantic human figure meets my raptured vision, a figure destined to grow more colossal with the ages. The inspired face is uplifted and on it I see the tenderness of a woman though the face is that of a man. His entranced look surveys the muse of Caledonia hovering over him and his right hand grasps — a plough. His lips move and I hear

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that!"

To the last the heart of gold of Bonnie

Prince Charlie was with Scotland and with those who suffered and perished in that cause which has filled the land with song and melody. Then the God of battles tenderly, quietly, softly withdrew him from earthly scenes. Wrapped in the loving arms of the Master of Nairn, that incomparable Prince answered the kindly summons of the Omnipotent. It was a gentle falling to sleep. The weary Prince placed his loved head upon the breast aching to support him. Quietly the morning sun stole into the chamber of dissolution, but at last there was another morning for Charlie, glorious, infinite, immortal.

Bonnie Prince Charlie, in the Land o' the Leal with your Highlanders faithful unto death,. I know that you, with that immortal ploughman, could fittingly have said:

> "When death's dark stream I ferry o'er —
> A time that surely shall come —
> In heaven itself I'll ask no more
> Than just a Highland welcome."

A Highland welcome! What of the

Highlanders in these latter years? Has their welcome become less valuable since the days of the inspired, great-hearted ploughman?

In the middle of the century just past Great Britain was suddenly confronted with a revolt of her native Indian trained troops. Rising with great alacrity they succeeded in surrounding Cawnpore and Lucknow in which cities were English women and children. General Havelock, the praying general, was far from Cawnpore when the Sepoy lines closed around it. Havelock's Highland battalions with grim determination fighting their way through hordes of the enemy and the horrors of the tropical rainy season, pushed to the relief of Cawnpore.

Breaking through all resistance they entered the city, the Sepoys fleeing before them until the inner compound was reached where the English women and children were. There was no shout of welcome from the besieged! The compound was

strangely silent. Used to scenes of blood, the brave and trusty Scots entered the great and echo-giving building. The room where the women had been was afloat with human blood, women's hair had been torn out and was strewn about and on the great window sills were rows of infants' shoes — full of bleeding feet! The bodies were found jammed into a huge cistern.

Cannon shot, rifle ball, saber thrust, disease giving swamps had not unnerved those men of Caledonia but then they shed manly tears. Raising their blood-stained hands they swore to "remember Cawnpore!"

In Lucknow, many miles away was the other struggling garrison with its English women and children. Havelock's Highlanders were its only hope. Between the kilted warriors and Lucknow were thousands of determined Sepoys.

The granite battalions pressed on with "Remember Cawnpore!" on their lips. Oh the terrible waiting of the English sur-

vivors at Lucknow! How they listened for the sound of the coming of their possible rescuers!

"Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

"Dear, to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played.

"Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,
Pray today!' the soldier said;
'Tomorrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

"Oh! they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing

Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground;
"Dinna ye hear it? — dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!'

"Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle-crooning,
The mountain pipes she knew.

"Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call;
'Hark! hear ye no' Macgregor's
The grandest o' them all!'

"Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
'God be praised! — the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!'

"Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,

Came the wild Macgregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

"Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

"Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!"

Entering the city, fighting from street to street and house to house, the Highlanders found a thousand Sepoys, perpetrators of the massacre at Cawnpore, ensconced within one stone building only one street removed from the final stand of the surviving English. With cannon forcing a breech through the

stone wall, they entered the building and for four mortal hours the sounds of combat to the death were heard within. Cries of "Mercy! Mercy!" arose, but the grim avengers answered the cries with "Remember Cawnpore!" and the thrust of merciless steel. Voice after voice was forever silenced and when the surviving Highlanders emerged not a single Sepoy was left alive within. Thus did the arm of Scotia revenge Cawnpore. Did Lucknow find any deterioration in the Highland welcome?

On many a wall there hangs a certain battle picture. Horsemen are wildly charging and each stirrup is grasped by a kilted soldier on foot flung along by the impetus of the determined rush. It is the charge of the Scots Grays and Gordon Highlanders at Waterloo.

There for the first time those plaided mountaineers met the Terror of Europe and before that fierce charge of the "women devils," as the Russians and Bonaparte called them, the collossal power of the

"Great Shadow" fell. Scotland alone spelled his doom.

Onward, over fallen horse and rider, scorning cannon shot and shell, leaping, yelling, those protectors and givers of freedom go, and over the awful carnage of Waterloo there comes to the ears of the doomed Napoleon their shout of

"SCOTLAND FOREVER".

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